UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle

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VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1842. WHOLE NO. 1107.

Original Poetry.

TO THE BRANDYWINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY J. R. TAYLOR.

Again upon my view,
Thou river! in quiet beauty, gentle stream!
I pass thy waters, the silver'ning foliage through,
Bloom'd in the soft summer beam.

Tall trees adorn thee bend.
That cast dark shadows on thy ever-ling breast;
And fields the rainbow light on hues that blend.
Soft as the sunset west.

And many rocks arose,
To whose dark sides the silver smiles clusters,
While in the circle the fox's timorous eyes
Peep from their shelt'ring haunts.

Independent of this subject, she fulfilled her trust with much fidelity, and her little charges, at least the three oldest, being of quiet and orderly disposition enough, to suit such a minister of Miss Priscilla. They were tall, pale, sober, long young things, seldom seen in the streets of the village except when going and returned from school; and to and from school, with their books, necks and faces closely muffled in summer and winter, to preserve the fairness of their complexions. They were the models for and scorn of the juvenile Greens, and the factories pity of their more lively and fashionable mother, whose compassion was usually vented once a week, after leaving the only place of general resort in the church, in terms somewhat like the following.

— Those poor distressed-looking little Grays,—it makes me feel sorry every time I see them! they are sprinkling on to be the very image of their aunt Priscilla, who has mowed them from the earth, root and tree, as they were roused me of potato sprouts growing in a dark cellar! I declare, I am afraid to allow them to keep them looking delicate and genteel. And then the country, they seem afraid even to move, lest they should get creases in it. It is quite unnatural for children to be so prim—though, to better me a nothing proper for people in their circumstances to teach their families to be mannish and economical; and Miss Priscilla has done her share at that. From present appearances, their little straw bonnets will never wear out,—she has bleached and bleached them, with lemon-juice until it is unpleasant to go near them; and the children, I am positive, she has dyed it not less than three times; after having worn out the original dark green calicoes, white frocks too, she makes a variety of them, by putting new bodies to the skirts one year, and new skirts to the bodies another year, and so on, till they are reduced to mere shells to the skirts one year, and new skirts to the bodies another year, and so on, till they are reduced to mere shells

Original Tales.

THE GRAYS AND GREENS.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"Mid the calm of that small town, they filled
Its every corner with their presence;
Pinpost with uncharitable thoughts the church,
And 'mid the market place, the tavern.

Hagar it was for the sweet families of B——, that quiet enlightened country had dawned before their female league, for severally enrolled, the Grays and the Greens, with all that constituted good ladies, together in darker epoch, have transmitted their names as a present equitably undistinguished with those of the Gamplys and the Mrs. Harrises of the village, or rather of the country village, in right of an ancestor on the maternal side, who belonged to the first Congress, for, like many others similarly descended, they were fully impressed with that the worthiness of that respectable body, in declaring that all men were created equal, had made a note-worthy event in favor of their own posterity, and of all generation, that right there was none to dispute, but at length the Greens sprang up, on the foundation of a wealthy, and, of course, highly respectable, and retired with an unsimply proportioned to their pretensions.

Coupled by uncles, aunts, cousins of different degrees, besides "connections," at least half the village was divided between the two factions; but we shall pass over the minor ranks, and address ourselves to them as respective heads. These were Martha Gray and Mercia Green. The former was a tall, unfurnish person-sort of dignified and accomplished fashion, together with darker sport, have transmitted their names as a present equitably undistinguished with those of the Gamplys and the Mrs. Harrises of the village, or rather of the country village, in right of an ancestor on the maternal side, who belonged to the first Congress, for, like many others similarly descended, they were fully impressed with that the worthiness of that respectable body, in declaring that all men were created equal, had made a note-worthy event in favor of their own posterity, and of all generation, that right there was none to dispute, but at length the Greens sprang up, on the foundation of a wealthy, and, of course

nothing but tenderest forgiveness, into a confused compassion for the man who, bold and bad to be bad here, had undergone many solitary torments, and nearly fallen in his companionship, misery into the power of the Prince of Darkness. The old clergyman, whom all esteemed, but the contrast should set his deposition, and whose character was over, Hannah was the mistress of a family, and had a home not unworthy to a Mouse. Her mother, now not only her daughter's companion, but her child, was in the way to become a blessing, preserved for years. And although the wife of a village schoolmaster should go the tale in much better than I have been able to report it, confident that the would-be sinner never became altogether a sinner, and escaped the edifying habit of pulling down the corners of his mouth, and turning up the whites of his eyes—yet he scarcely can, for all my shrewd and broad say thing very seriously to his prejudice—that he became in due time an elder of the Kirk—and his children a religious education—serving only to making too much of a pet of his eldest born, whom, even when grown up to manhood, he never called by any other name than the Fiddler.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MISS C. CUSHMAN.

'Tis Saturday's hour of rest—the hour of men
Have resisted in the gentle sway of night
Forgetful with toil, and with the morrow's toils to fight.
The tender eyes are closed—the weary sleep;
Day yields it dreaming.—We forgive to weep.

The hour of rest has changed, impressive Time
Has loosed her chain, and hath her returns rest;
The weighty hours are in flight—I hear their flight
And changing forms the poet's chambers rest.
I turn the window's lattice, have spreads his wings,
And many thrilling voices fill imaginings.

But all sleep not! The aching head of Woe
May not in Morpheus bosom forget its pangs
Its sting in the cool—its thorns insert
In resting's bosom for by Famine's fangs
Memory may see the latest end severed the tears,
But Want has forever gone and mightier pain.

Ambition toil! its reasons may not sleep
Their proud sovereign in Night's helmets wear!
Within a power supreme over sleep
Forbids repose, raises to the fight the Giant.
The Socialist's revenge! The Lord's phantom reveals
Chosen thou in labor on, "till stopp'd by playing Death.

The toiling mother, who with burning eye
Relies in the stream of Time her living bed,
Hears not the mourner hour of midnight peal
Upon her ear—the thoughts are with the dead.
With those embraced upon the hour of rest.
The undying nurse at a closer age.

The wanderer from his home, whose memory rushes
To those so loved but parted—still never dear!
His thoughts are with them, and his heart beats quicker
With sad remembrance and a hide the tear
Maiden to be aye, he would, for one embrace
Of that cherished, gave up Fame's wreath for thine.

And all!—I may not sleep, for round me crowd
A thousand various thoughts to keep me waking
Although my spirit with regret is bow'd,
And through my heart experience bestows every.
Yet still I sit, while Fancy takes the rein,
Prompts a air the past, and turneth joy to pain.

THE GREEN MIDDY.

BY CAPT. MARRYATT.

The second day after our return to Spithead, I was sent on shore in the cutter to bring off a youngster who was to join ship: he had never been to sea before; his name was Green, and he was as green as a cucumber. I took a dislike to him the moment that I saw him, because he had a hooked nose, and very small beady eyes. As we were pulling on board, he asked me a great many questions of all kinds, particularly about the captain and officers, and to answer myself and the boat's crew, who were not of the first, I exercised my peculiar genius for invention.

At last, after I had given a character of the first-lieutenant, which made him appear a sort of a monster ogre, he asked how it was I got on board so early? "Well," replied I, "as I'm a freemason, and so is he, and he's never sworn with a brother mason."

"But how did he know you were a mason?"

"I made the sign to him the very first time that he began to scold me, and he left off almost immediately; that is, when I made the second sign; he did not when I made the first."

"I should like to know those signs. Won't you tell them to me?"

"Tell them to you," oh, no, that won't do; replied I, "I'm under vows not to tell them to any one, but those—sworn of all the men. Now, Mr. Green, I'll show you the way up."

Mr. Green was presented and ushered into the service much in the same way as I was; but he had forgotten what I said to him, relative to the first lieutenant, and it so happened that, on the third day, he returned a jobation, delivered by the first lieutenant to one of the midshipmen, who, venturing to reply, was ordered to the mast head for the remainder of the day, added to which, a few minutes afterwards, the first lieutenant ordered two men to be "spell-ho" in irons. Mr. Green trembled as he saw the men led away by the master-at-arms, and he came to me—

"I do wish, Keene, you would tell me those signs; and he—won't you be persuaded to pardon them, and let me have anything that I have which you may like."

"Well," said I, I should like to have that long sprigtine of yours; it's a fine one, and will make a very handsome, well be useful to me."

"You shall have it, with all my heart," replied he, "if you will tell me the signs."

"Well, come here, then, before—and—and—and I will tell them to you."

Mr. Green put his head down to the berth, and I inserted one forefinger in my nostril, and made a finger-hold him to my chest in the steerage, and in a low, confidential tone, told him as follows:

"You see, Green, you must be very particular about making those signs, for if you make a mistake you will be worse off than if you never made them at all: for the first lieutenant will suppose that you are trying to persuade him that you are a mason, when you are not. Now, observe, you must not attempt to make the first sign until you have touched your left nose, at any pause, you must make it; then, you see, you must put your hand to the tip of your nose, and extend your hand straight out from it, with all the fingers close to one another. Now, do it after me. Right. Stop—wait a little, till that moment. Very well. That is it. Well, that is considered the first proof of your being a mason; but it requires a second. The first lieutenant will, I tell you frankly, be, or rather pretend to be, in another rage, and will continue to rail at you; you must, therefore, wait a little till he comes, and then, you observe, put up your thumb to your nose, with the fingers of your hand spread out, as before, and place the other hand on your chest, putting your other thumb to the little finger of the hand already up, and then extend the fingers of that hand just like the first. Then you will see the effect of the second sign. Do you think you can recollect all this? for as I said before, you must make no mistake."

Green put his hands up as I told him, and after three or four times he learned himself perfect, and I left him.

It was about three days afterwards that Mr. Green upset a keg of dirty water upon the lower deck, which had been just washed, and the edge of the lower deck, when the first lieutenant went his round, reported the circumstance to the captain, and Mr. Green was consequently summoned on the quarter-deck, and the first lieutenant, who was very angry, commenced with a volley of abuse on the subject of fourteen teenagers.

Green, considering my instructions, waited till the first lieutenant had paused, and then made the first masonic sign, looking up very boldly at the first lieutenant, who, actually shrunk back with astonishment at this unexpected, elaborate acknowledgment of the boxed of a man-of-war.

"What! sir!" cried the first lieutenant. "Why, sir, are you mad?—no, just come into the service, treating me in this manner? I can tell you, sir, that you have not been long enough in the service—sir, sir, not three days; for either you have been on shore or I do. Of the ingredience, of all the countenance of all the company, I have heard of this boxed all—and from such a little animal as you. You cannot be under an hour at all the captain comes on board, and your conduct is reported to them before, immediately."

The lieutenant paused, and some fifteen gave him vigor the second, as a reply, thinking that they would thus come to a right understanding; but, to his astonishment, the first lieutenant was more furious than ever, and called the second lieutenant to take Mr. Green below, and put him in irons, under the hatches.

This conclusion to my joke I had not thought of, so I continued my participation in Green's comfort. I was sent for to attend to be prepared for punishment, and I received an intimation that my attendance would not be required, as the lieutenant being more disposed to laugh than be angry.

I went down into the gun-room, when a listening to me the entire party. Green. Oh, sir, I beg your pardon—I'm very much obliged to you, sir," said I in the first lieutenant, touching and making very deferent.

"No, Mr. Keene, it was you who have been practicing upon Mr. Green, and you must receive both and discovered to the superior officers on the quarter-deck. What, sir!"

I made no reply, but appeared very penitent.

"Because you have not been made to see, and a servant of his profession, to operate to be a cotton, which I shall take care shall not be followed up, to play him of the service of tricks and tell of manner of disobedience. Now, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Mr. Green, and I have both just come to an, sir, and the midshipmen all play to so many tricks," replied I, humbly, "that I thought nothing of playing one myself."

"Very well, sir, you shall play no more tricks."

"Yes, sir; I told him so for fun, but I didn't think he was such a fool as to believe me. I only made him you were a freemason, and that freemasons were kind to each other, and that you gave me another sign to know one another by; I heard you say you were a freemason, when I joined at the gun-room."

"Well, sir, I did say so, but that is no reason for your touching him to be imposed."

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"Mr. Dun! and you—is it possible, sir! I said Dun, you—you mind to put you on Mr. Green's plate: as all young, I shall report your conduct to the captain when he comes from London. There, sir, you may go."

I put on a penitent face as I went out, wiping my eyes with the back of my hands. After I went out, I waited a few seconds at the gun-room door, and then the officers, supposing that I was out of hearing, gave vent to their mirth, the first lieutenant laughing the loudest. *Puzzled Green.*

U. S. SAT. POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, October 13.

A CARD.

The proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post have purchased the entire establishment of the SATURDAY CHRONICLE of this city, of Messrs. Matthew A. Taylor, and also the UNITED STATES newspaper, published heretofore by Messrs. Swain, Abell & Simmons. The immediate publication of the two concerns they purpose to unite to that of the Saturday Evening Post, which will give them a weekly edition *for surpassing any existing publication of the periodicals issued by the subscribers will now be over 100,000.* They can therefore now afford to encounter increased expenses for the advantage of the reader, and publish a cheaper paper for the quality than any other establishment.

The paper will hereafter be issued under the title of the "UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE."

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

☞ Subscribers *to either of the papers now united, who are indebted to the proprietors, are requested promptly to remit the amount due,* as we wish *to bring up the books to date, and take a fair start. We shall issue one of the finest sheets in the Union —and only to subscribers whose promptitude entitles them to the name of* GOOD SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ R. G. Barford, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa., is the agent for the Post in that city, and for the "United States Saturday Post." "Graham's Magazine," and "The Lady's World of Fashion." Mr. B. has, we believe, an office in Allegheny.

☞ Unfortunately the proof of the article in our last, entitled the "Enterprising and the Spotless," escaped the eyes of the compositor, which will account for one or two of the typographical errors.

☞ Single copies of this paper can be obtained of Robinson & Jones, Main street, above Fourth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In our number of last week, we reported the commencement of Dr. Lardner's Lectures on the French Revolution, in which the progress that led to so memorable a series of events, were amply developed. Today we give several of the most thrilling and striking incidents connected with it, which we have also appropriately headed the lectures with the motto:

"Ring the bell—down up the curtain—and let the farce begin." Walpole's Letters.—The following is the admirable work of Thiers. Incidents and conclusions now follow in fearful and rapid succession. In our number of today will be found interesting accounts of the Fall of the Bastile and the First Massacre—the Revolt of the women, their journey to Versailles, conflicts and consequences—the visit of Royal Family to Paris—and the Great Festival of the Federation; with the solemn Oath of Fidelity to Come Also! here from that oath was broken by all parties, except La Fayette and those who thought and acted with him. By the way, we may suggest here, that our readers will expect to see a review or a book—some of all the men. Now, Mr. Green, I'll show you the way up."

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ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

A somewhat romantic incident occurred during Victoria's late visit to Scotland, and developed the adventures which so much excited one of the Queen's maids of honor. The circumstance is related by a Mr. Ellis, who is married to a Miss Gordon, a cousin of the lady who was the heroine of the adventure. The circular is issued by a Mr. Ellis, who has established a bank at St. Louis, for the benefit of the Scotch settlers in that city. The following is the story:

"The Queen was to have passed through Edinburgh, but perhaps by mistake, or from some private view of the case, no note was put to more at Edinburgh, but she was to change horses at Leith. An immense concourse assembled there, but all in vain. The Queen passed through Musselburgh, and was gone. The disappointed portions of it. Also, during that day, the Queen and Prince Albert were to dine at Dalkeith Park, and Dalkeith Park was crowded. No, Leith proceeded.

"The whole corps of the United States in the year 1842 were to be presented to the Queen at Court. Her maid of honor, Miss Gordon, was to be presented at that time. Miss Gordon, a young lady of great beauty, was to be presented at that time. Miss Gordon, a young lady of great beauty, was to be presented at that time. Miss Gordon, a young lady of great beauty

U. S. SAT. POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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Remember most Papers state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Notices of New Works.

The North American Review : October, 1841.—The North American Review in the oldest, and from its establishment has been the best periodical of its kind in the United States. It has been ably conducted under the editorship of "The North American Club," composed of Dana and his associates ; and of Edward and Alexander Everett, Jared Sparks, Professor Palfrey in particular, and a number of other distinguished New England writers. The last number contains among a variety of interesting and able articles, one exhibiting the merits of "Book of the Indians," by one of our own people, a contributor to the *English Monthly Review*. It appears that the English critic pronounces that no one is to be compared to James Fenimore Cooper, as a novelist, and that he has not found his equal in the "Monthly" for this year from the forty-eighth number of the North American, down to the 54th, 55th, 67th, and 69th numbers. In our own city, as numerous intervenes occur in the Monthly, sometimes of the 64th and 65th numbers of the North American, upon the articles " Bells—Old Bells—Fifty years of Age." In the January (1841) number of the Monthly is an article upon the 68th number of the North American—article, "Sparks Life and Writings of Washington." In the June (1841) number of the Monthly, there is another upon the "Writings of Victor Hugo" in the 64th number of the American. In the March (1841) number of the Monthly, there is a theft upon the 59th number of the North American, article—"Prospectus on Chinese Language." This was discovered in the September number and Transcript has white—the article itself being from the pen of that well known linguist, the Hon. John Pickering, Esq., and, in the Monthly for *June* (1841) there is another piracy from the 69th number of the North American, article—" Holbrook's North American Review." In one or another articles, the modest English gentlemen has favoured added a few paragraphs on the copyright question, showing how he understood that law of nations (so call :) and republish European books, to the great injury of all parties. The North American gives a happy parallel to the Monthly, which we think the fancy each unscrupulous and extensive thefts have never been detected in this country. *Brew & Sons, publ. one Philadelphia Agents of the N. A. Review.*

The Boston Miscellany : *Brew & Nationality, agents.*—The October number of this Magazine sustains its well won reputation. The finest of its contents is a poem "To a Flying Swan, at Midnight, in the Valley of the Housatonic," by the Hon. Louis G. Noble, of North Carolina, which we shall present in the next number to the readers of the Post. The magazine has also a fine article from Mr. Everett, J. H. Ingraham, W. A. Jones, H. T. Tuckerman, and several other clever writers. The article, by Mr. Jones, on "Literature in the United States," is truly that Wordsworth, Coleridge and Keats are the only English poets of this century who have written good verses. Mr. Jones is right, and we add the following just tribute to a young American poet.

"A brother bard, (J. R. Lowell,) whose fine volume of poems, published last year, we should have been willing to acknowledge, and whose conscience genius enables him to write with equal facility and boldness in the most opposite styles of composition, refuses to relish the finest touches. 'The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo.'

"Mr. Lowell is further to be mentioned, as the only American poet who has made and maintains a large number of good sonnets. Others have written single sonnets, or a few together ; but Mr. Lowell, and Dana, have written more, so far as we remember. We will not attempt to say which has written the best his sonnets are first-rate of their kind. They are not, but they are good, and much beyond the average excellence of sonnets in the English language."

The History, Diseases, and Treatment of Typhoid and Typhus Fever, with an *Essay on the Diagnosis of Bilious Remittent and of Yellow Fever, and on the Effects of Bloodletting. By the Author of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Transylvania University.* 8 vo. pp. 393.—*Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.* 1840.—The author of this volume Dr. Bartlett, with the full title of his work, which we give above, will convey to the professional reader in clear and concise manner the result of a practice of fifty five yrs as the most elaborate essay we could imbibe. The fevers of this country, it is well known, have been comparatively little investigated until quite recently, and the existence among us of the *typhoid fever* has been long suspected, though it has prevailed—especially among the foreign population of the large cities—to a considerable extent. A work like the of Dr. Bartlett cannot fail, therefore, to be received with strong approval by medical men.

The Iron City. A Novel : *in five volumes.*—*By Miss Ellen Pickering.*—*Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—It is a rare thing now-a-days to see a well printed work in five volumes, and the publishers are—among their existence to the absence of a proper copy right law—have not only put an end to the production of American works of this class, but the issues of publishing almost entirely from its legitimate channels and given it to smugglers. The "Expectant," the "Lucky Sheet" pirates, and "Iron City" is well known by her previous writings. "Nan Darnell," "The Secret Foe," "The Quiet Husband," "The Freighter," "The Iron City," &c., &c., which have not room for an outline of its plot, but those who have read Miss Pickering's former novels will not require overture or promises of that to induce them to purchase it.

Miscellanies : *By Stephen Collins, M. D.—Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*—Dr. Collins, we understand, is a resident of the mountainous region of the Susquehanna and Juniata districts. The essays, reviews, and sketches, in this volume are elegantly and classically written, and in many instances the moral is highly cultivated, warmed by religious feeling, and guided by a pure taste. The leading essay, on the career and character of Charles Brockden Brown, one of the best we have read on the subject. Others, as American Literature, Charles Lamb, David Brainerd, The Dying Hour, Woman as a Musician, and Poetry as a moral attention by their kindly spirit, natural justice, and elaborate, scholarly finish.

Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay : *Edited by her Niece.—Part IV.*—Messrs. Carey & Hart have published the fourth part of this work, in 192 pages the fourth part, embracing the contents of the fourth volume of the English edition of the entertaining memoirs of the authoress of "Evelina." We have before expressed very fully our opinion of the work. It is one of the most amusing and graphic specimens of biographical writing in the language, and is destined to a wide and enduring popularity. The fourth part—now extending in turn from the beginning of 1786 to the summer of the following year—is not less interesting than either of its predecessors.

The Wine and Wine : *By Mr. Cooper.*—The new Sea Tale, by the author of The Pilot, is called *The Wing and Wing, or Le Feu Follet (Jack o' the Smethers)* and is rapidly passing through the press of Lea & Blanchard. We observe by their advertisement in our columns, that it is to be issued at the low price of *fifty cents per copy*—in place of two dollars, as heretofore. The cause for this reduction is obvious enough, and one that has looked over it, says that it reminds him of the early efforts of the author during the days of The Red Rover, Pilot, &c.

American Journal of Medical Sciences.—Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just issued the October number of this valuable periodical. Besides the articles of the accomplished editor, Dr. Hays, it contains papers by Professor Hamer, Professor Pancoast, Dr. George W. Norris, Dr. Theodore Romeyn Beck, and many other eminent physicians. surgeons, &c. It is decidedly the best medical magazine in this country.

Wood Almanac for 1842. Cohen, 209½ Chestnut street, has sent on a copy of this work. Besides the jolities, there are innumerable excellent jokes in the book.

Literary Intelligence.

☞ A History of Robert (or William) Kidd, the Pirate, in two volumes, comprising also the first settlement of the Island of Providence, with the remarkable adventures of the two female Pirates, Mary Read and Anne Bonney, Blackbeard," and some twenty others, published in London a month or two and a half ago, is now in possession of Robert Banning, Talbot county, Maryland, who *first* set discount of the work in the National Intelligencer. It is suggested by a contemporary that the work be purchased for some of the public libraries or republished. We suppose, however, that it is quite worthless, as neither the records of Kidd appeared soon after his execution, none of which contained more than a few of Kidd's to a chapter in length. The most correct notices of Kidd have recently been published in the Law Reporter and other journals, derived from the old court records.

☞ We learn from the *Newark Daily Advertiser* that Professor Dodd, of Princeton College, Virginia, is preparing for the press, the memoirs, correspondence and speeches of the late Hon. Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey, which will be published in four octavo volumes. No one among the many distinguished friends of Mr. Southard could have been more fully selected for the literary task, for to his private friendship he brought the advantage of his close political and official connection with the deceased, and none certainly can be in no other respects better qualified to write his biography, or do justice to the qualities which raised him to an equal rank with the most eminent and honored of his countrymen.

☞ The number of graduates this season, in eight seven colleges, in the United States, viz. Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, was six hundred and fifteen.

Financial.

☞ The authorities of Boston short 6 dismissed-able promptitude in investigating the operations of defaulting banks. William Wyman expressed, and Thomas Sewall, cashier of the Phœnix Bank, recently exploded, and William H. Shimmin of the firm of Stanley, Reed & Co. were arrested, and held to bail in the sum of $50,000 each, on Monday. The companies charge that Wyman and Reed have embezzled the sum of $200,000 from the Phœnix Bank, and that Sewall is implicated to the extent of $100,000 more. The defendants have been in the habit of using the funds of the bank for the purpose of discounting their own notes, and then by agreement, the examination was passed off Friday next.

☞ No. Iowa is now suffering from the bad effects of the same system of banking. Michigan, in the same way has greatly depreciated in consequence of issuing more than the city had means to redeem. The Legislature has many measures under consideration to remedy the evil. They had under discussion, a bill for limiting City Warrants in sums of fifty dollars and upwards, payable in three, four, five and six years, bearing ten per cent. interest. The bill also requires the Mayor to petition the Legislature to allow the City Council to impose an additional ten cents property, in order to create a fund for the gradual discharge of the City debt ; and it further provides that no more permanent improvements shall be made in the City, until she is able to pay for them as they progress.

☞ The annual payment of the Sac and Fox Indians, was made at the Agency Burlington, on a couple of weeks since. On enumeration, it was found that the Sac and Fox nations consist of about 3,500 souls, among whom a sum of $15,000 was distributed, by paying the same to the head of each family.

☞ The amount of revenue secured at the port of New York, during the year of 1841, was $10,146,-725 29. During three quarters of the year 1842, $7,791,367 79. The quarter above an important increase in the revenue this year.

☞ The amount of Treasury notes of all issues outstanding on the 1st inst., was $8,802,970.

Agricultural.

☞ The manufacture of sugar from the Corn Stalk ; of which we have had occasion to speak several times in our pages, it would seem, is much in vogue in France, as well as in this country. At the sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 11th inst. there was read from a committee on the important memoir of M. Pallas, concerning the density of the sugar extracted from the stalk of Indian corn which the stalk of the cane. The report of the census confirms the remarks : dwells on the quantity and quality obtained from the stalk ; and assigns to the cultivation of Indian corn, for the purpose, various advantages over the best root. Mr. Webb of Wilmington, Del., who first aroused public attention to the subject, deserves the thanks of the community, various advantages over the best root. Mr. Webb of Wilmington, Del., who first aroused public attention to the subject, deserves the thanks of the community, for his early efforts in the field. Although he was unable at the time of the last census, to obtain the returns of more than one sawhead, and upon reflecting that which he was engaged with one of them, the other is about to be added, he has, we learn, since been enabled to be yielded his grasp upon the villain to protect his property, whom the robbers, alarmed by the resistance they met with, fled in the direction of Newcastle, leaving their booty behind, and a new one—probably stole for the burglary. Through it the robbers may be hoped to be identified. The property was found in two bundles.

☞ A German named Steinkirs alias Kohl, was arrested in this city on Monday morning, charged with having, at the time of his arrival in New York, on the 17th of August last, received $1,000 in money from Hamburg of his trunk, containing clothing, watches, and money to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. There is no doubt of Kohl's guilt, and the portion of the property was recovered from his possession. He is said to have been an old offender in his native country, and to have made a considerable sum of money during the last year before starting for this country.

☞ The celebration of the Washington's at the Chinese Museum on Wednesday was quite interesting. The Baltimore fowers were present. They left on Thursday for New York to attend the Cotton Water Celebration, of which, by the way, we do not have a full account next week, from the accounts given.

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Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have stood the test of time and have been introduced, of which the first symptom is a violent headache, and their consumer popularity and the innumerable attempts which have been made to imitate them. The cause of their popularity is obvious enough, namely, their medical preparations merely deaden the sense of suffering. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills remove the cause of disease. The organs of digestion are stimulated to activity, and the whole system brought on a natural and healthy current, after use has been made of these Pills.

Beware of unwitting impostors. Country Agents and Storekeepers are cautioned against the use of W. O. Fahk, and a certain David Parker, of Philadelphia, who assert that they have Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and that neither of the above persons is duly authorized by selling the genuine medicine. All authorized and responsible agents are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright, Vine Front, and the N. A. College of Health, Philadelphia, and those who cannot show a certificate as above described will be known as imposters.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, are kept at No. 169 MARKET STREET, PHILADA., No. 288, Greenwich Street, New York, and No. 196, Tremont Street, Boston.

N.B.—Be particular to ask for the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills ; and beware of the numerous counterfeits.

HEALTH OFFICE, OCTOBER 8, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark & Northern Liberties, Spring Garden, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 1st to the 8th of October.

DISEASES.		DISEASES.	
Apoplexy,	1	Brought over,	33
Cancer,	1	Disease of the Heart,	1
—Breast,	1	Inflam. of the Brain,	3
Casualty,	1	Fever, Congestive,	1
Congestion of Brain,	1	—Intermittent,	1
Cholera Infantum,	1	—Scarlet,	3
Consumption,	13	—Typhoid,	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	3	Inflammation of the Lungs,	1
Croup,	1	—Stomach,	1
Convulsions,	1	—Throat,	1
—Abdominal,	1	—Lungs,	1
Dropsy,	1	—Bowels,	1
Disease of Bowels,	1	Insanity,	1
—Heart,	1	Jaundice,	1
—Liver,	1	Old Age,	2
Drowned,	1	Old Age,	1
Dysentery,	3	Still Born,	6
Drunkard,	1	Teething,	1
		Ulceration of Stomach,	1
Carried over,	33	Total,	81

Of the above there were from the almshouse, 1 from the county jail and hospital of color, which are included in the total number.

By order of the Board of Health,

SAMUEL F. MARKS, Clerk

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	Sunrise.	Meridian.	Sunset.
Oct. 2,	60	76	70
3,	65	80	68
4,	65	80	66
5,	60	76	64
6,	50	70	60
7,	50	68	60
8,	50	64	70

Local Intelligence.

☞ One of the most daring attempts at burglary that ever occurred in our city was made on Tuesday night, at the house of Mr. Simpson, a gentleman whose business it is to carry packages of money between this city and New York, for the bankers and others. The family were evening, in a room in the front story, but went as usual, leg in hand, to his dwelling, No. 98 Spruce street, and on opening the door found the light burning, which he usually kept lit for him. Thinking this to have occurred, however, through the oversight of his family, he proceeded through the hall, and was about to ascend the stairs leading to his chamber, when he received a blow in the face, from a heavy bludgeon, which nearly felled him to the floor. Recovering himself however, in a moment from the stunning of the blow, he grappled the villain who wielded it, and throwing him down the stairs, gave a loud alarm which brought assistance from the neighbors. Although he was unable to identify the robber, he has no doubt that he had spied the money which he knew that he had upon his person, and that upon reflecting that which he was engaged with one of them, the other is about to be added, he has, we learn, since been enabled to be yielded his grasp upon the villain to protect his property, whom the robbers, alarmed by the resistance they met with, fled in the direction of Newcastle, leaving their booty behind, and a new one—probably stole for the burglary. Through it the robbers may be hoped to be identified. The property was found in two bundles.

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☞ Thomas S. Nicholson was sentenced on Monday, Judge Conrad stated that it was the intention of the Court to sentence the prisoner to five years imprisonment, but the prosecutor having withdrawn from all bustle, the Court had altered their determination. He was then sentenced to pay the costs of prosecution, and undergo three years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary. There are still five bills of indictment against Nicholson, but as the prosecutor has withdrawn, they are not proceeded with them against him. The counsel for the prisoner are about to carry the whole matter before the Supreme Court.

☞ The election passed off peaceably, except in the evening, when a row occurred at Carr's. Several drunken men, of the opposite party, came in and broke the lamps, &c. Mr. Carr, the proprietor, they began an attack on the barkeeper, and a general fight ensued. The decanters and glasses were broken by the rioters, and the bar cleared. At the approach of the police, the riot was put down and the house closed.

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The Markets.

The Money Market.

Business has been dull during the week, particularly in consequence of the unsettled weather. Money continues plenty, and prices low, on unexceptionable paper. There has been a slight improvement in the rate of sales and fewer, owing to the fact that the stock has not been equal to the demand. There is little loose, among our business men, of any great amount, and the light loads, generally speaking, are kept fit for him. Thinking this to have occurred, however, through the oversight of his family, he proceeded through the hall, and was about to ascend the stairs leading to his chamber, when he received a blow in the face, from a heavy bludgeon, which nearly felled him to the floor. Recovering himself however, in a moment from the stunning of the blow, he grappled the villain who wielded it, and throwing him down the stairs, gave a loud alarm which brought assistance from the neighbors. Although he was unable to identify the robber, he has no doubt that he had spied the money which he knew that he had upon his person, and that upon reflecting that which he was engaged with one of them, the other is about to be added, he has, we learn, since been enabled to be yielded his grasp upon the villain to protect his property, whom the robbers, alarmed by the resistance they met with, fled in the direction of Newcastle, leaving their booty behind, and a new one—probably stole for the burglary. Through it the robbers may be hoped to be identified. The property was found in two bundles.

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Married.

In this city, on the 15th inst. by the Rev Charles W. Gardner, Mr. Joseph Pidgeon, of Washington city, D. C. to Miss Mary Ann Wilson, of this city.

On the 18th inst. at St. Peter's Church by the Rev. Mr. Childs, Lieutenant Thomas Wharton, U. S. Army, to Miss Caroline Wharton, daughter of the late Wm. Wharton, Esq.

On the 11th inst. by Thomas Hunter, Esq. Mr. Peter D. Taylor, Bucks, Penn. of New Orleans, to Miss Mary Ann Hunter, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Wm. Wiggins, Mr. Alexander Gilmore, of Baltimore, to Miss Mary Ann Gilmore, of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Thomas C. Allen, Mr. David Sharp, to Miss Mary Ridgeway, all of South-wark.

On the 6th inst. in West Philadelphia by the Rev. Henry K. King, Mr. Richard M. Pearce, of West Chester, to Miss Rachael Peck, of Philadelphia.

On the 13th ult. at Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, Pa. by the Rev. John Edwards, Mr. George M. Clancy, of Marietta, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Hall, of the former place.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. John M. Scott, Mayor, Mr. Christian Gehr, to Miss Hester Lawrence, both of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Currie, James Hamilton, of New York, to Miss Mary Ann Wilson, daughter of the late John B. Gorman, Esq. of Washington city.

On Thursday evening, 6th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Vanculen, Robert B. Sellers, to Hannah S. daughter of Joseph Wagner, all of Southwark.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Chas. T. Torrey, to Miss Sarah L. Grimke, all of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Samuel Hall, Jr. of Fort Washington, to Miss Mary Ann Shepherd, of Philadelphia.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Peter S. Duponceau, to Miss Anna Dawson, both of Philadelphia.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Goddard, Mr. John C. Miller, to Anna Matilda, daughter of the late Henry Ball, of Newport.

At Newport, R. I. on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mumford, Mr. Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, U. S. Navy, to Miss Susan Bradley, of the former place, and grand daughter of Nicholas Brown, Esq.

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Died,

On the 11th inst. Mr. Wm Moore, in the 68th year of his age.

On the 11th inst. Miss Graham, in the 24th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. Mrs Elizabeth Lake, in the 75th year of her age.

On the 10th inst. at the Pennsylvania Hospital, of consumption, Mr. Max Stoll, a native of Germany, aged 28 years.

On the 10th inst. Elizabeth Boyd, in the 17th year of her age, of consumption, which she bore with Christian fortitude.

In the vicinity of Germantown, on the 10th inst. Elizabeth Ann, wife of Mr. Joseph Ashton, in the 39th month and 27 days.

On the 10th inst. Mrs Ann Bitting, aged 70 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, in the 84th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs Ann Bitting, aged 70 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs Elizabeth Reed, in the 84th year of her age.

On the 9th inst. Mrs.

Gems from the Poets.

THE MAIDEN KNIGHT.

BY TENNYSON.

Oh, fair and faithful knight of God!
Ride on for pity.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above
My lady is not all of earth,
She seems to love me well in return,
And she is fair as love.

My lance is couched, my sword is bare,
And glistens in the rising sun,
Many a knight has prayed in haste
Whose sun of life has set ere noon;
And many more will pray ere night
Who never thought or feared to pray,
But in the battle-field they fight
With brows that never look behind,
Through blissful trust that knows no doubt
They are to win or die.

Sometimes I hear the laughing spears
As if a merry tourney rose,
I feel my charger swell and quail
Under the quivering blows;
And through the hurtling arms and hands,
Through shattered helm and severed limb,
I ride right onward for the sands
Which mark the sacred inn.

Whose inner courts are fed with dew,
Whose diet is of fruits that grow
Beside the living streams,
Where I shall be forbidden you
Whose names are dear as dreams.

I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No knight may linger where I pass,
But I pierced borne in whirling course
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fells.

A peasant, bought or won in fight,
I spring to leave the sty of Heaven
That other lower souls may be
I will not joy that will not serve,
Pure as the drops of frozen dew
From lips of eternal peace.

Whose silver beams my dreams;
And, clothed by an angel's hand,
Thus equal across that I stand,
The weight and sum, the beam and eye,
Aware, set into it to boot sit.

Popular Lectures.

(REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY DR. DIONYSIUS LARDNER.

CONTINUED.

"Ring the bell—draw up the curtain—and let the farce begin."

FALL OF THE BASTILE.

THE FIRST MASSACRES.

The days which have been rendered memorable by the siege of the Bastile, commenced on Saturday July 11th. On the evening of that day the plot of the Court had arrived at maturity, and was ripe for action. Paris was to have entered at every point by the army of Luxembourg, the citizens were to be coerced and the city put under martial law. At the same time, the Assembly at Versailles was to be surrounded by troops, dispersed by the King—and dissolved. This was to have taken place July 12th. But first it was necessary to get rid of Monsieur Necker, whilst he was popular. On the afternoon of Saturday, the King sent Necker a letter, ordering that he should leave Paris quietly, but with no parade of it—he were also quitting the ministry—and to quit France. Necker was at dinner with his wife when he received it. He did not mention the contents to her, but ordered his Carriage and proceeded to his country-seat near Paris—thence to Brussels. It was difficult, where many were eminently to keep a plot a secret. Rumor shadowed the plot circulated on Sunday, and the alarm increased. At four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, it was known in Paris that Necker had fallen. On Monday new was dismissed, and replaced by persons obnoxious to the people, particularly one of them—Foulon. He was regarded as hated and that "the way to govern a kingdom was, if necessary, to make the people rot grass; if bread were difficult to be had, to eat hay." Ten thousand people assembled on Sunday evening in the Palais Royale.

Camille Desmoulins, afterwards distinguished in the Revolution, was in a coffee-house. He met Lucrer, stood on a chair, and addressed the people, exhorting them to take arms—showing pistols—and then he loaded them as they passed through. The three were the Hotel de Ville, (town hall,) where they demanded arms. They took arms from gunsmiths' shops, leaving a receipt for them. They proceeded to the Place Vendome, where they encountered a regiment of foreign dragoons, and several were killed. In the Place Louis Quinze, they had more conflicts, and several more persons were killed. The people were left in the possession of the ground. On Monday, the thirteenth, the people assembled at the Hotel de Ville, demanding arms. The electors of Paris were there. They sent for Prince Prevost of Trades, to say where the arms were to be found. He deluded the people, and that he expected a large quantity in wagons, but when the wagons arrived, they were found to be filled only with wood, straw, and stones. Thus passed Monday. On Tuesday, the people came en thousands to the Hotel de Ville. 30,000 pikes were ordered to be made.

It was now rumored that there were arms in the Hotel des Invalides. The crowd applied to the Governor, who refused to deliver a gross, without an order from Versailles. At length the people rushed into the building and found arms in the cellar; and the rush there was so great, that the first comers, even if were nearly trampled to death from those who pressed on from behind; and their lives were only saved by granting twenty muskets to each. On the other side, states, to keep them back. Thirty-two thousand muskets, properly mounted, were obtained by the populace. The night was passed in consternation at the Invalids, who feared they might be seized—next twenty or thirty invalids down to unscrew the locks—but though there men, and the muskets were delivered. Of the whole only twenty muskets were dismounted—which fact might serve to show that the invalids favored the popular cause. The citizens were now armed with fifty-five thousand pounds of powder, and a number of bombs were seized. It was reported that some sixty thousand muskets were concealed in the Abbey of St. Germain, a regular attack on that fortress; and at last got at three, a regular attack on the fortress, and about one or two o'clock in the day. The intendant here described the Bastile, the people rushed into the first court and attacked the drawbridge. The Governor and one hundred soldiers were in the fortress; and the troops were drawn up.

Two men got on the roof of a neighboring house, cut the chains, the drawbridge fell, and the people rushed in by thousands into the second court, in which the Governor's house was situated. The Governor did not fire on the people, and this state of things continued for about an hour, until the soldiers of the French Guard, who had now fully joined the people, came up drawing cannon. The conflict then became bloody. Two or three loads of stones were put against the Governor's house, and set fire to it. He ceased, and not till then, that the fortress fired grape, which he produced great slaughter. But the Bastile was not relieved by the power of fire. The fact was, that the one hundred men within it had not brought bad time with them, and were famishing. These men surrendered the Governor, and brought him to surrender. The Governor, M. Delaunday, had lighted a match, with which he meant to ignite five thousand pounds of powder, and blow up the fortress—but two soldiers prevented him.

At length the garrison hoisted the white flag, each of the governor's hands bound behind him. He was ranged and the besiegers surprised their fire. A commutation was now given by the garrison, and entered by one of the besiegers on the end of a pike, passed over a part of the ditch, and it was agreed that the fortress should be surrendered, on condition that the governor and garrison were to pass out with their arms. The second drawbridge was lowered, the multitude rushed in, many of the soldiers were massacred and others saved with difficulty by the French guard. The Governor, Monsieur Delaunay was savagely trampled to death, his head cut off, placed on a pike and carried through the streets of Paris—being the first instance of that barbarous practice.

When the news arrived at the Hotel de Ville, it was resolved by the populace, that the next victim should be the unfortunate Flesset, who had delayed the people with regard to arms. It was agreed by her true to submit to trial; but when passing the bottom stood large bodies of people. The multitude of women, who had been in the siege, and the soldiers who had been to the siege, became they said the Bastile deputation had been slain by treachery. The multitude was now in a state of fury, and it was with difficulty saved by the troops. In the meantime, the citizens of those women who had served him, declared to her that they would not leave her, and that when they left Paris, she should leave with them.

The Humorist.

"A romantic young lady fell the other day into the water and was drowning, but succeeded in saving herself by catching hold of a bunch of weeds. Her self-possession was admirable."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; it was the bunch of weeds."

"Was it that lubricating young man who lives here in our neighborhood?"

"No; it was a Newfoundland dog."

Dancing-master, in one of his sessions—"Now, ladies, you have had a specimen of the way to perform the Highland fling; you will please to practice it with your partners." Before leaving the room, he added, "Ladies, you will please to practice the steps in the parlor, and not in the kitchen, as the servant girls complain that you dance their feet off, and the children keep them awake."

The late Col. Bomford, was well known for his eccentricities. He was once asked by a contractor to give a certificate that a certain lot of timber was "merchantable." "Merchantable!" said the Colonel, "I don't know what you mean by merchantable. I will give you a certificate that it is good timber."

"Lend me your ear for a moment," said one of the boys to another, who was in contact; collected exactly with your neighbor's ear—you'll excuse my ear's advice; make presents, give treats, mostly not—and you'll be sure to have a host of friends. Such is the way of the world, dispose no man's tail, and—you'll be left to whistle alone."

"Why are you like a crazy man, my dear?" said a wife, sewing herself by her husband. "Don't know," replied the husband, "unless it is that I give it up." "Why," replied the wife, hitching up her chair, "you are like a man who has a needle to sew, I am not your other self, and you are beside yourself."

One of the readers of the new list of Henry Clay, walked up to the cashier in which Mr. Webster was sitting, and said, "Is that Daniel Webster?" "Take the life of Henry Clay?" "I cannot take the life of so eminent a citizen," was the reply.

Reading the Bible—Mrs. Partington.

"Why, Ike, I declare, I never knew that Jonah was swallowed by a whale. I thought it was a Cetacean."

"Why, Aunt Partington, you don't know anything about it. Cetacean, indeed! Why, it was a whale, and that's all there is about it."

"Well, I'm sure you can't say but his behavior was cleverish, didn't you observe him eating with his knife, drinking from his saucer, an I putting his napkin to his mouth, and wiping his face with his hand."

"These are but trifles, Ellen, and only evince when my shipwrecked sailor was on board of a whale but studies his acquaintance with all the minutiæ of what we call politeness."

"Then, I should'nt think he would come here, for he's not used to politeness."

"Why, my dear child, you don't understand these things. Why should Mr. Shiverz refuse to dine with an old friend, because he happens to have a wife? A little difference in their respective circumstances? Why, I remember when I was a girl, I used to go to Jonah's and board, the cares and anxieties attendant on a family, and I'm sure I was always welcome. But that's the difference in ladies, I mean why should ever one be ashamed of the other?"

"As for poverty, Mr. Sawyer?"

"I don't know. Be that as it may, I know by Jonah's house, which is a small one, and he's poor, and I've seen eight children in the feathers and the China chaos in the parlor, in the presence of seven or eight friends, and I've never known such children to behave so disgraceful."

"Yes, rather too condescendingly, Ellen, and since you seem to be interested in the matter, I will say, that I have not yet made up my mind whether I will invite Mr. Sawyer to my house or not."

"Well, I'm sure, Aunt Partington, I think you might, for I'm sure he's a very good man, and I'm pleased your vanity and folly, I presume he would have much pity for Mr. Sawyer's condition."

"Pity me!" exclaimed Ellen angrily, "really, madame, I do not need the pity of such people, and I have never yet felt the want of it. I am sorry you will bring his grace, sweeping, sublimed daughter in my parlor, and I shall, I fear, be unable to keep my self from laughing at his stiff bow, and queer voice."

"A daily is daily nevertheless, Ellen, and I am sufficiently sorry that you have so forlorn your claim to the title."

"My innocence, madame, the old fellow didn't dream that I was making fun of him, and without doubt, will tell his friends that I am a very polite young lady. I was delighted he was with the attentions of the charming Miss Clarke, and the time evidently passed happily I played that beautiful waltz, and then—true, I was a little awkward in my manner of paying the compliment, he asked for "Auld Lang Syne," so that I was expected to know such old-fashioned things."

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